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LOVE LAUGHS AT—MANAGERS.



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THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions in future.

MR. CORNWALLIS WEST says that Mrs. LANGTRY's acting has improved. Now how can a thing which has no existence, or rather—but let us first premise that the existence of something which of course never has existed, but which nevertheless might have existed if its existence had—which we all admit—and when we look at it, seems to be, and yet is not—that is to say, if we suppose the possibility probable, as some improbabilities are possible, although some deny it—therefore if a thing could be imagined as real—but this whole question can just as well be settled next spring.

* * *

"IT is n't so much my own defeat, but when I think how poor RANDALL must feel I am almost ready to die."—Cox.

* * *

DOG Cañon, Arizona, recently undertook to remodel its judiciary. Justice, within the cheerful corporate limits of Red Dog, had for ten years past been administered by a random posse of citizens, who zealously hung three men a week in the interests of morality. As the posse was composed of heterogeneous and unrelated leaders of Red Dog society, the results of their labors were not always agreeable to the public at large. MR. JAMES MCINTOSH, for example, on the 14th of September, 1881, had the good fortune to steal a mule, and the misfortune to be caught at it. The posse turned out of bed with burning enthusiasm, liberated the mule from the halter, inserted Mr. MCINTOSH in its place, and tied the other end to a stalwart oaken limb twelve feet from the ground. To this proceeding, as Mr. MCINTOSH had been on the wrong side of the ticket at the recent election, not one of the officials of Red Dog offered the slightest objection. A week later, however, MR. REDDY MCGUIRE, an esteemed bar-keeper, scientifically managed to hold four aces against four kings held by Mr. ONE-EYED JIM, a professional desperado of no small local renown, and expired within four minutes after the hands were shown down. Mr. JIM exhibited great coolness when examined before the posse, trusting, no doubt, that his well-known efforts in the past to secure residents for the public cemetery,

together with the natural local prejudice against four aces, would secure his acquittal. To the surprise and indignation of every right-minded citizen, he was not only severely reprimanded, but was invested with a complete suit of asphalt trimmed with feathers, and banished from the town.

This excited no little unfavorable comment; and when, a year ago, MR. MONTE CHARLEY, an esteemed but convivial citizen, was exiled for having playfully undertaken to ventilate three Chinamen by making calibre 45 apertures in their systems, it was felt that the judiciary power should be invested in a person conversant with the spirit and by-laws of the community, and that the posse should be disbanded. Accordingly, a month ago, Judge BARTLEY SMITH was duly elected to the bench, and sobered up sufficiently to take the oath and enter upon his duties. Last week the sessions began. Red Dog was in a fever of excitement. The first case called was that of MR. WILLIAM FALCONER, who had shot and killed a Mexican for fun Christmas Eve. He was promptly fined \$5, and Red Dog felt that, although its administration was unduly severe, the judiciary could be depended upon. The next case was that of MR. BIRDIE MCGEE, who had, in a fit of despondency, accidentally wandered off with a hair lariat, one end of which had been casually attached to Judge BARTLEY SMITH's own private and particular sorrel mustang. Mr. MCGEE pleaded not guilty, and a jury was impanelled. Nineteen citizens swore to having found the mustang upon Mr. MCGEE's person, or vice versa, and, there being no defense other than Mr. MCGEE's own lie, the case rested. Without leaving their seats, the jury found Mr. MCGEE not guilty. The foreman, it seems, was Mr. MCGEE's uncle, and the rest of the jurors had private interests in a system of horse-raising which a different verdict might seriously affect. No sooner was the verdict rendered than His Honor promptly produced a revolver and shot the foreman dead. Simultaneously the counsel for the defense neatly winged the counsel for the prosecution, and had the top of his own head blown off in return; the defendant perforated His Honor with a load of buckshot, and a rough-and-tumble discussion arose among the spectators and officers of the court, which terminated only after the necessity for a new election had been thoroughly created. Red Dog is seriously considering the advisability of either making it unlawful for the next judge to try cases in which he is personally concerned, or of returning to first principles and distributing the judiciary power among citizens at large.

* * *

THE recent accident on Fifth Avenue with the electric light wires has opened up a long line of delightful possibilities. A horse stepped upon the broken conductor and was instantly paralysed. Scientifically, there is not much difference between a horse and a mule. The same thing might be said of Mr. BUTLER, Gen. DI CESNOLA and several prominent politicians. They walk along our public streets. There are plenty of wires.



Brute : WELL, ETHEL, HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT ?

Angel (*under treatment for her voice*) : I DID N'T LIKE IT AT ALL, AND I DO N'T SEE WHY THE DOCTOR FINDS IT NECESSARY TO RUN AN INSTRUMENT DOWN MY THROAT SO FAR, THAT IT SEEMS AS IF HE WOULD TOUCH MY HEART.

Brute : OH, HE WAS PROBABLY TRYING TO FIND THE END OF YOUR TONGUE, MY DEAR !

ECHORIAMBICS.

TELL me, sweet sprite, what shall I give to best
Secure Jocasta's active interest ?

—“A rest.”

How shall I melt her heart ? The merry masquer
Would have me think her cold as all Alaska.
—“Ask her.”

I see the point ; but tell me, on the quiet,
Just how to reach that point, and not go by it ?
—“Go buy it.”

And yet, my rival ! Was it “Yes” or “No,”
Whilst bending o'er his gaudy jacqueminot ?
—“Jack may know.”

Methinks her eyes shone with suspicious lustre ;
What was 't the rascal said to my Jocasta ?
—“Cussed her.”

Zounds ! Think you that bold mushroom of a fop
Said aught to bring a blush to my snow-drop ?

—“Oh ! Drop.”

Go to, thou demon ! Yet, another answer :
Whom likes she best ? Speak true, thou rank romancer !
—“A man, sir.”

I pray you, finally, do not deceive me ;
When I proclaim my love, will she believe me ?
—“Leave me.”

A pretty priest to whom I cry “*Peccavi !*”
I 'll not repeat again this useless *Ave.*
—“Sabe ?”

Was ever luckless wight so great a martyr ?
To seek for kindly words, and catch a tartar !
—“Ta-ta.”

J. F. DUFFIELD.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF HENRY IRVING.

MONDAY, Nov.—Bless my soul! The *Herald* says this morning that I sat up all last night with Attorney-General Brewster and found him the most interesting man in America. Never saw Brewster in my life. I must tell Brahm Stoker not to have me meet any more of the "most interesting men" in America. Brewster is the twenty-seventh, and it begins to look suspicious.

WEDNESDAY, Nov.—Brahm Stoker says this morning I must make a speech at the Lotus Club; wants to know if he had better put into my American speeches the English "gag" about wishing I had been born, or might die, in this particular town. Told him yes, if he would put it in Latin, for I hear a man they call "Piggy" Everett is the only inhabitant of this country who understands Latin, and he is way off in Massachusetts.

SUNDAY, Nov.—Brahm Stoker was taken out to drive (they say ride here) this afternoon. He says he never went so fast before in his life.

TUESDAY, Nov.—Stoker says Booth has bought a house in Boston, and Aldrich (who the deuce is Aldrich?) has just given him a reception. Stoker may put the English "gag" into my speech for the St. Botolph Club at Boston. Stoker says a man named F** invited him and his wife to stop with him in Boston. Deuced glad Stoker did n't bring his wife. Stoker has certain drawing qualities as a single man that are helpful.

PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY.—Boston *Herald* says I am "enthusiastically artistic," while Booth is only "artistically enthusiastic." Why the Devil did n't Stoker think of that? Yes, I am enthusiastically artistic. Must send the Boston *Herald* a box. Stoker says, though, that he has promised thirteen boxes in Boston for the opening night. I have it! He can say he thought they were stalls, like the Lyceum, you know.

WEDNESDAY, Nov.—If I ever get Ellen home again, by Jove, I shall keep her there. She flirted with Beecher at his own table. Seems to me I have heard of Beecher before. The *Philadelphia Press* man, last Monday, praised her acting in "Louis XI.," and she did n't take part at all! O Demmit!

THURSDAY, Nov.—Getting more and more nervous about Boston. Beastly hole. They like Arnold. Do n't believe I am like Arnold. Now, New York did n't like Arnold. Stoker says F** runs all the clubs in Boston, and thinks Ellen had better accept the invitation to the Somerset Club. Stoker says F** told him I need n't be so English there as I was in New York. That is a great relief.

MUCH of a young man's success in life depends on his selection of a father.

THE Dude's absorbing pastime is looking at his feet through the wrong end of an opera-glass.

THE Congressional labor investigation revealed the fact that Jay Gould received his first lesson in watering stock while working on a farm.

AN Arkansaw man claims to have discovered the skeleton of De Soto, but a careful examination and measurement of the remains prove that they are not De Soto's bones the explorer used to wear when he was hunting for big rivers. And now if that man does n't pronounce right, here is a good joke thrown out of gear by the perverse language of a lot of foreigners who never had any business prowling about this country anyhow.



"MRS. Gilpin's *Frugalities*," an oblong, pink-edged cook-book, by Mrs. Susan Anna Brown, has been received and read, but containing as it does so many indigestible articles, we cannot truthfully say, has been inwardly digested. We commend it to our readers as being full of good things, or rather full of what in competent hands can be made good things. A perusal of its pages will convince the ordinary man that "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" are not peculiarities solely of the "must-goed" but still "unwent" Heathen Chinee.

The plot is rather commonplace, what there is of it, and consists merely of a succession of incidents strung together in an ingenious manner. The situations are in some parts strong, but the book as a whole is entirely devoid of humor, while there are scattered here and there touches of the most exquisite pathos.

SEVERAL years ago a novel in the No Name Series, called "His Majesty Myself," attracted a great deal of attention because of the vivid picture which it gave of the career of a sensational preacher. Many believers in the orthodox ending for all stories found fault with its unsatisfactory conclusion. In time it became known that the Rev. Wm. M. Baker, of Boston, was its author. About a year afterward he wrote another book, "Blessed Saint, Certainly," in which some of the old characters appeared, but not the hero and heroine. A few months ago he died; but now, as an agreeable surprise to his many readers, there is appearing in the Philadelphia *Call* a posthumous story from his pen, called "Thirlmore," in which the leading characters of "His Majesty Myself" take the prominent part.

R. EDGAR FAWCETT'S novel, "An Ambitious Woman," has been published in a handsome volume. The story is worth its permanent shape.

IN Anthony Comstock's "Traps for the Young," no mention, unaccountably, is made of Old Maids and Christmas Sunday-school festivals.

BISHOP PIERCE, of Arkansas, has published a small volume of poems. The title-piece, "The Agnostic," does not refer to Jay Gould as a witness in the railway suits.

PEOPLE are wondering what the defense in the Cesnola trial is going to be. If we are to believe what we hear on all sides, the defense has not yet been determined on—in fact, lies entirely in Choate.

THE new administration in Massachusetts have decided to stop that "skin-tanning" business by providing all paupers at Tewksbury with silk umbrellas.



SCIENCE IN CLOVER.

A FAMOUS general and Archaeologist was one day walking in Central Park, when he encountered a little girl, who seemed in great distress.

Upon asking the cause of her trouble, he found she had been hunting all the morning for a four-leaved clover, but had hunted in vain.

"And why do you wish so much to find one?" asked the great man.

"Because I have been promised fifty cents for it."

"Little girl," said the great man as he seated himself in the grass by her side, "I will give you what you seek."

Plucking a three-leaved clover, he cunningly attached to it a fourth leaf by means of an almost invisible wire which he drew from his pocket. Smiling sweetly upon the child, he said, "Now, run with this and get your fifty cents; then come back and we will divide—"

"But, sir, this is not a *real* four-leaved clover, and—"

"Tut! my child. Is your friend an American?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, run and get your money, for Americans enjoy being humbugged. They prefer quantity to quality. But should they discover the fraud—that is, the *er*-restoration, you must stick to it through thick and thin, and black and white, that the leaf belonged there originally—now go." The little girl went, but she soon returned with fifty cents, of which the great man retained forty-nine. Placing the remaining penny in her chubby hand, he said, with a friendly smile, "Be virtuous and you will be happy," and turning away he strode proudly across the lawn and disappeared within the recesses of the Metropolitan Museum.

A LONG SPELL.—A Russian pet name.

THE GOING MAN.

ON a certain Monday morning, a Banker in his chair, Gazed vacantly upon his safe; his Cashier was n't there.

And thus in peevish, fretful mood, with Much uneasy air, The banker heard a foot-fall a- Coming up the stair.

The door was opened and he saw the Cashier's wife in tears— "O, tell me where's my husband? Pray, Ease my anxious fears."

He took the situation in, with sympathetic looks. Said she, "Pray, search the river." Said He, "Pray, search the books!"

PAUL PRY.

AN EPISODE OF NEWPORT.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where the best circlers reign;
The 'lectric light dispels the night,
And new clothes banish pain.

Me & Watts.

IT was midnight; the sun had set, and young Thaddeus Warsaw Mt. Vernon sat in the billiard-room of his boarding-house on Catharine St., bathing with Pond's extract the raw place on his throat made by his high collar.

Thaddeus was the last surviving member of that illustrious old family which founded the cemetery which bears their name. His fourteenth great-grandfather had been the first colonial governor of Newark, and his own father would at least have been mayor had it not been for an unfortunate slip of his pen which got him into the penitentiary.

Thaddeus was thus left alone to scabble for himself, so, buying a copy of William Black's Therapeutics, he set up as a veterinary surgeon, and happily the experiment turned out a great success, as the public of course preferred having their animals killed by a member of a grand old family to having them cured by a vulgarian.

But to return. As Thad. sat bathing his neck a brick suddenly came through the window, and on looking out he espied a young lady in a village cart who at once called out to him, saying, "I am Miss Pussy Cotter,—one of my hens has been taken ill and you are to come at once;" so Thad. seized his hobbles and firing-irons and ran down to the cart. "No, don't get on the back seat—you'll lift the pony off his feet—here—that's it," said Miss Pussy, and so they drove off to their patient who Thad. found very low with hysteria and tooth-ache, so he applied a porous plaster and tried to comfort Miss Pussy by telling her



that when a hen died she (the hen, not Miss Pussy) became a spring chicken and was worth just twice as much as when it was alive, but Miss Pussy said it was n't the money she cared about, but that facing and seeing death was, to her, very sad and solemn.

"That shows you have never been to any of the Boston 'Assemblies,'" replied Thad, as he sadly stroked the bald spot on his head.

They sat up with their patient until breakfast-time, when they went into the house, and Thad was received with effusion by Mr. Cotter, who said that it was a real treat to him to meet a gentleman in a place so filled with millionaires, and he went on to say, that, as Newport was the one place on the face of the globe where

money went for nothing and respectability was everything, he was at a loss to understand why the millionaires persisted in coming there.

Mr. Cotter was a florid, fluffy little man, who somehow reminded one of an over-ripe watermelon, and he was so given to talk and gossip that he was known among his friends as "Terror" Cotter. He was, however, quite respectable, as he knew who his father and mother were, and even faint rumors of a grandfather had reached him, and this, as we all know, constitutes in America a pedigree. In addition to this he was quite rich, having made his money by scientific marrying, a process which he looked upon as one of the regular branches of industry, and which consisted

THE man who can thoroughly enjoy himself at a fashionable reception after discovering the bow of his white tie is under his left ear, is superior to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

IT is always unnecessary to tell people to get out of the road of a swill cart. "Where there's swill there's a way."

"WELL, that baits all," remarked the Irish fisherman as he looked into his can in vain for a worm.

"A \$75,000 high school is nearly completed in Warren, O.," says a current item. "How tall is a \$75,000 high school?"

THOUGH an aeronaut may not make his ascents for wages, he certainly goes up for higher.

JOURNALISTS are noble men; they always go in for the write.

AN old illuminator.—A monk of the Middle Ages.

LIGHT literature.—The chandler's journal.

A STRONG case.—Sweitzer.

BECAUSE a man has a Mobile countenance it does not follow that he is Alabama life.

THE thread of a story is generally caught by the eye of the reader.

A BRUNETTE flirt is like Captain Eads—she is successful with her jet eyes.

A RING politician is like one who procrastinates—it's always slate with him.

in selecting for his wives ladies who were both wealthy and in delicate health—this latter point being of great importance, as unless they hopped off promptly, speculation was, so to speak, at a standstill.

After breakfast our trio strolled down to the Casino, where they found the usual crowd of millionaires engaged in sighing their souls out for a little respectability, and who turned Nile-green with envy at the cordial bow that Thad. received from the great Mrs. De Ramm. This Mrs. De Ramm, by the way, had once been a born millionaire herself, but had been doubly purified by marrying into a noble English family, and at the same time losing her money. She, of course, was now obliged to conform to the requirements of modern society and Christianity by treating all common people with a proper contempt, and she therefore gave Miss Pussy such a cold nod that that young lady felt herself constrained to ask in her sweetest voice, "How is your poor son, Mrs. De Ramm; still on that dreadful ranche in the West?"

"Oh! no," answered her ladyship, still more sweetly. "His novel has been quite a success, and he is now in London, staying with Lord De Ramm."

"Oh, I'm so glad I inquired and gave you a chance to tell of it," answered Miss Pussy blandly.

Mrs. De Ramm pretended not to hear this remark, and turning to Thad. proceeded to explain to him that Lord De Ramm was her brother-in-law, and that the town of Ramsgate had been named after one of his great-grandfathers.

"And Margate was named after one of his great-grandmamas, I suppose," chimed in Miss Pussy, and then there came an awkward pause. Fortunately, however, a game of tennis attracted their attention, and brought up the much mooted question of whether a man who played neither polo or tennis would be admitted into the next world, and if so, would he have any social position there?

Just then one of the tennis players called "love—all!" and Pussy's and Thad.'s eyes met—they read one another's thoughts and blushed with joy. Pa Cotter observed the glance also, and drawing Thad. aside, told him how delighted he was, that he gave his fullest consent, and would settle two millions on them.

Thad., with tears in his eyes, was about to express his thanks, when a gentleman, at whose house the "Town and Country Club" was about to meet, approached them, and they, fearing an invitation, took to their heels and ran for dear life.

Thad. never stopped until he had reached his boarding-house, where, confronting a tall, fair lady, he said:

"Maria, if I will give you a quarter of a million, will you get divorced from me?"

"Yes, if you'll pay in advance?"

"I can't, but—"

"Then, drop it."

So Thad. dropped it, and went sadly away to visit a goat that had the colic.

ROLAND KING.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

"My only books
Were woman's looks." *Moore.*

SWEET girl, whose look engages
More studious regard
Than all the printed pages
Of novelist or bard—

Their strained effects unheeding
In search of wisdom true,
I find life's choicest reading
Fresh every day in you.

In "flexible cloth covers"
This book of books is "bound"—
To fascinate all lovers,
All critics to confound.

Those eyes a whole love-story
A tangled plot the hair;
That face—a limner's glory—
The frontispiece most fair.

Two rosy index fingers
Are apt for reference;
And in your laugh there lingers
A "table of contents."

And from this brief recital
Must not omitted be
The imprint on the title—
"LOVE, 1863."

Your grace, it may be stated—
Though everybody knows—
Is "fully illustrated"
In every witching pose.

The "preface"—can't remember
How Mrs. Flutter's tea
(Nineteenth of last December)
Acquainted you and me?

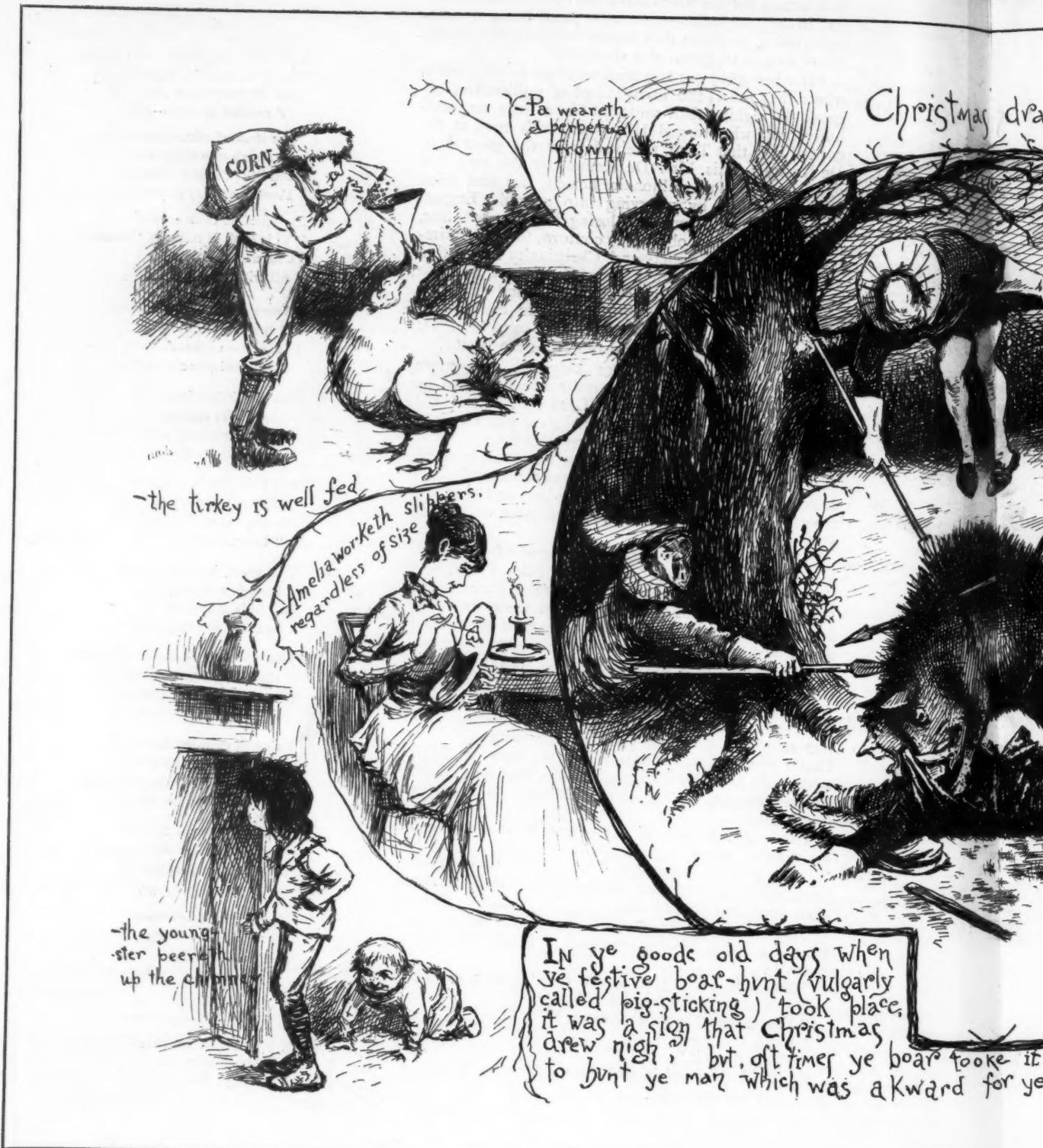
Full well each leaf has newly
Upset the student's head
There's been no skipping, truly—
Your very lips are read!

Ah, let me be the chap-ter
Both name and service gage—
That is, in language apter,
Accept a "title page."

May fortune fair attend a
Provision thus begun,
And little *corrigenda*
Complete my "Volume Won."

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

AMATEUR FLUTEIST (*to accompanist*): "Here in this part, I don't have any chance to take breath for fourteen bars, so please play it as fast as you can, as several of my family have died from appoplexy."



LIFE .



FORE CHRISTMAS.



TWANKLE, TWANKLE.

[THE Prince of Wales' proficiency on the banjo is due to lessons on that instrument by the unmarried Miss Yznaga, sister of Lady Mandeville and Lady Lister Kaye. She learned the art on her father's Louisiana plantation, and during her last visit to England had the Prince for a pupil.—*Morning paper.*]

SCREAM, oh eagle of my country, fair Columbia rejoice !
Let the land from Maine to Texas shout with universal voice.

Cry the news upon the house-tops, and proclaim it everywhere,
For at last we've taught the banjo to Great Britain's son and heir.

Though the royal dwelling's echoes are aghast at the refrain,
Yet the tinkle and the thrumming sound again and yet again.

Marlborough House is fain to listen to the "Golden Slippers'" claims,
And the patter of the Juba haunts the palace of St. James.

One can picture the tuition—'t is a pleasant sight to see
H. R. H. benignly seated, with his banjo on his knee,

While his teacher, 'twixt the snatches of the little song she sings,
Strives to guide his clumsy fingers as they blunder o'er the strings.

Ah! at mention of the teacher, foolish fancy needs must fly,
Leaving memory to replace her with the thoughts of days gone by;

Bringing once again a picture of the little waves that break
On the cypress trees' dark outlines in a lonely Southern lake;

Of a hammock idly swaying in the flower-scented air,
Little feet in high-heeled slippers, and a mass of bronze-brown hair;

Of a slender, girlish figure in the whiteness of the moon,
Tinkling chords that mark the rhythm of a wailing Spanish tune.

May our plaintive negro music long by Albert E. be sung;
May the soft-toned negro accent roll most smoothly from his tongue;

But, the while he thrums his banjo, let him still remember this—
There are few may learn to play it from a teacher sweet as his!

SOPHIE ST. G. LAWRENCE;

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. XII.

"How much vile clay a little gold will gild,
And make it worshipful."

—*Semiramis, Act. I.*

IT was claimed by Confucius that the enjoyment of wealth depends upon an acquired taste. The strength of this argument lies chiefly in the apparent fact that the acquirement of wealth develops the taste. This is supported by the observations of a large number of political economists and students of social science and philosophy, who have discovered that a man utterly destitute of money has no enjoyment of it, and hence must be considered as wanting in the taste of which Confucius spoke.

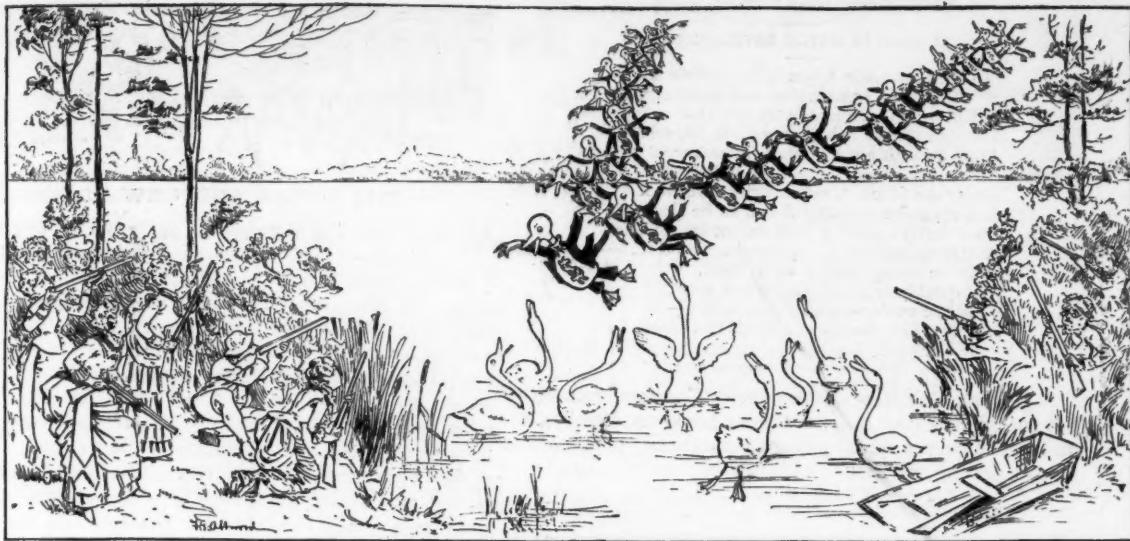
Without entering into a discussion of this abstruse problem too far, we American ARISTOCRATS may safely say that our ranks are not divided into two classes by the possession or lack of wealth. True, there are some of us who have wealth, and some of us who have it not, but the taste for its enjoyment is a common property. In this we differ from the Aristocrats of Europe. We differ from them in other ways as well. But this is irrelevant.

In 1831, Mr. WILLIAM GRAMERCY, of this city, developed aristocratic proclivities in the shape of a wild and consuming desire to save money. With true patrician *hauteur*, he exhibited no preference for the manner of its acquirement, but launched his genius vigorously into a sea of glue. It was subsequently alleged by some envious and contemporaneous persons that, with the increase of his interests in glue, Mr. GRAMERCY got to be "stuck up"—a low and vulgar term sometimes applied by the LOWER CLASSES of the present day to magnates who have builded fortunes of starch, mucilage, syrup, comfits and other varieties of hardware.

The best practical refutation of this slander is found in the fact that the demand for Mr. GRAMERCY's glue grew daily, and that in course of time he got to be very rich. If we do not claim that riches are a refutation of slander, where would some of us First Circlers be ?

It might at first sight be supposed that a fortune acquired in good glue would be strongly adhesive to its proprietor. A million rolled up in mucilage might be affected by dampness, and capital extracted from starch, while stiff at normal temperature, might be liable to sag and wilt, during a burst of unusually hot weather; but a competency wrung from glue or Japanese cement could reasonably be expected to survive the efforts of two or three generations to undo it.

The excellence and tenacity of Mr. GRAMERCY's staple could not be disputed during his life, for of the myriad dollars it secured to his name, but few got away. His heir, pursuing the same viscous enterprise, topped Mr. GRAMERCY's pile with a frieze of pride and wealth which added in no small degree to its splendor, and then, becoming deglutinized, as it were, passed to



THE HUNTING SEASON. CHASE OF THE WILD GOOSE. (*Anser Nincompoopus*.)

THE pursuit of the Wild Goose is carried on entirely by means of decoys carefully trained for the purpose, and with which they may be lured from a long distance. If a little care is taken not to alarm them prematurely, their capture, except in the case of very old and wily birds, is easy. Although the winter is the true season for hunting them, yet, being totally unprotected by the game-laws, the finest specimens are sometimes taken in the summer months, when they often appear listless and off their guard. In the warm afternoons of July and August they may be seen basking in sheltered nooks of the coast from Cape May to Mt. Desert, and are frequently slaughtered in great numbers, seemingly unconscious of their danger.

that bourne where coats of arms and glue are not necessities, and left the colossal interests he inherited and furthered, to three sons.

It is on this tripartite issue that the views of generations to come must necessarily stick, in so far at least as a combination of glue and *hauteur* are concerned.

The GRAMERCYS are now of our set. They have a grandfather, a coat of arms, money and a refrigerating smile. They remember the grandfather, but are somewhat disposed to forget the glue. Like many of us, they are inclined to indulge in exuberant litigation.

It is natural for a man, if he has both his own fortune and that of a relative in charge, to spend the relative's fortune and keep his own. This is in strict accordance with those principles of political economy which made some of our grandfathers great. Sometimes, however, the relative takes it unkindly. Most relatives, strange to say, when copiously mentioned in a last will and testament, desire to do the spending themselves. This is a sordid and grasping spirit, which every dutiful guardian should check. For the purposes of discipline, however, it is necessary to keep the relative so poor that he cannot enter into litigation.

In this one point, the elder GRAMERCY failed. GRAMERCY junior, when he came of age and found a bewilderingly deep hole in the ground where he expected to find an estate, set up such a howl of mingled suspicion and astonishment, as to attract the attention of several disinterested minions of the law, by

whose advice he plunged into litigation with an *abandon* most pitiful to see. The result was that the elder GRAMERCY, who had lovingly tried to keep his brother from the perils of wealth by generously scattering his patrimony to the four winds, found himself posing unpleasantly as a defendant, and the judge, vulgarly adhering to the law, so worded his decision as to make it appear that he thought the juvenile GRAMERCY in the right. This evil and pernicious decision now gives GRAMERCY the younger a chance to indulge to the utmost his riotous appetite for spending his own money, and clearly does gross injustice to the guardianship of which the senior GRAMERCY had just reason to be proud.

But this is not all. The elder GRAMERCY, in order to properly obey the mandate of the tyrannical court, was compelled to reduce himself to the position of a pauper, for the sum of his own fortune but equaled the moiety he had so magnanimously spent for his brother. To a member of the LOWER CLASSES, this would have meant ruin—moral, mental and social. Not so with the possessor of an adhesive grandfather and a crest. With three words he repaired the injury done to his fortune, by proposing marriage to a lady whose father, in consideration of the crest and grandfather, was willing to give a fortune with her.

This clearly demonstrates that Heaven looks after the Aristocrats, and at the same time shows that our climate is unfavorable to the durability of glue. Among the LOWER CLASSES the result would have been somewhat different.

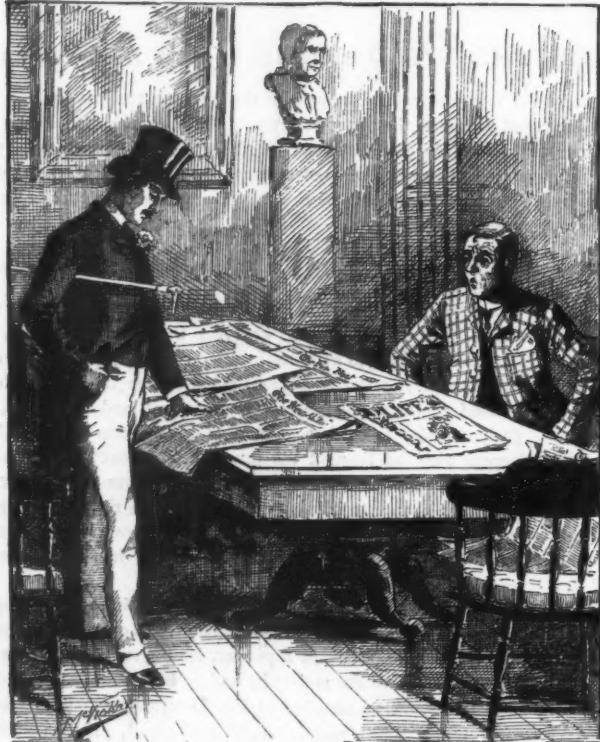
THE CONJUGAL GENESIS.

(A LUCIFER-MATCH REVELATION.)

THE new-made Adam in his garden lay,
Drying in sunshine his still moist clay.
Lulled by the perfume-laden airs that sweep
Through Eden's balmy groves, he fell asleep.
Nick, through a crack where he was wont to lurk,
Now saw a chance for getting in his work.
Under the fence, in serpent guise, he crept
And chloroformed poor Adam as he slept.
Then deftly carved a rib from out his side,
Muttering grimly, "I will make his bride."—
Over the bone the devil softly blew,
And quickly into life and form it grew,
Until the perfect-finished Eve arose.—
And that first sleep was Adam's last repose!

G. H. K.

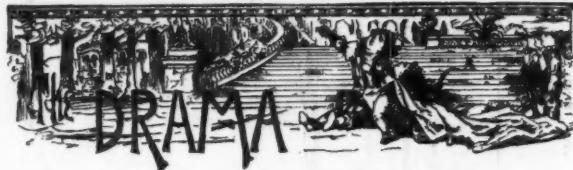
A NORTH CAROLINA man named *Comfort* committed suicide because his girl "went back on him." It must have been a queer girl who would n't take comfort in getting married.



CAN 'T GO TO WALK YET, OLD MAN ; MUST GO TO MY
ROOM AND FINISH "MR. ISAACS."

OH, I READ THAT ROT LAST YEAR, MAN.

SHOCKING BAD FORM OF YOU, CHAPPY—IT'S ONLY
THIS YEAR THE BOOK OF THE SEASON—in London, YOU
KNOW.



THE OPERA AND NEW PLAYS.

WE are beginning to understand finally that, in the Metropolitan Opera House, we have really an opera ; and I think it will be admitted that Mr. Abbey is not a bad sort of impresario. Mr. Abbey may felicitate himself on the result of his first experiment. It is seldom that his large theatre is not crowded, and it is seldom that the performances given on his stage are not marked by genuine musical feeling, harmonious and well-balanced talent, and scenic propriety. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that Mr. Mapleson is forced to place dependence upon three great singers—Patti, Gerster, and Galassi. Outside of these three accomplished and delightful artists, he has to speak of, not even an acceptable tenor or contralto. The new men and women brought forward by Mr. Mapleson have taken pains, apparently, to show how carefully they deceived their manager. But Mr. Mapleson has pluck and confidence, and his three strong artists hold his head above water. But one need simply listen to "Il Barbiere," or "Lucia," or "Lohengrin," or "Carmen," to be assured immediately that Mr. Abbey directs a company. He has Sembrich, and Nilsson, and Valleria, and Fursch-Madi ; he has Scalchi, and Trebelli ; he has the silver-tongued Campanini, and the splendidly gifted Stagno, who does not always sing with good method ; he has Kaschman and Del Puente, Mirabella and Novara, and many others who are able to sing small parts. He has an excellent chorus, a fine orchestra, and a strong conductor ; though it may be suggested that Signor Vianesi is inclined occasionally to think more of his orchestra than of anything else. Several operas have been superbly done at Mr. Abbey's theatre. There was "Carmen" last Friday, for instance, with Trebelli as Carmen, and with a cast that included Campanini, Trebelli, and Valleria. Is it surprising, then, that a night at the Metropolitan Opera House is more than likely to be one of brilliancy and enthusiasm ?

If you appreciate humor and the human form divine, you must not fail to see "Orpheus and Eurydice" at that new and charming little theatre, with its bright Moresque designs, the Bijou Opera House. Perhaps you are familiar with the French "Orphe aux Enfers," with its delicious and spirited melodies by Offenbach. The French piece is a clever satire upon Mr. and Mrs. Orpheus and Mr. Astasus, three persons who held a somewhat distinguished place in the Antique Olympus. Mr. Max Freeman, who is not a bad actor at times, and who is a sprightly German, has undertaken to give an English shape to "Orphee." The humor of his adaptation seems to be a cross between Teutonic aberration of mind and American vulgarity. Indeed, Mr. Freeman is worse than a witless person, and, for this reason, I cannot commend his treatment of Jupiter and the Olympian family. When Jupiter, for example, suggests that "he should smile," or when Pluto finds Eurydice as "dead as a door nail," or when dear little Cupid says something about "giving himself away," and when a spangled and radiant company of celestial persons try to make still more profane language appear heavenly,

the cheerful observer feels oppressed by a strange gloom, and reflects upon the yawning chasm which separates the talent of Meilhac and Halévy from the talent of Mr. Max Freeman. In short, "Orpheus and Eurydice" might have been written by a phenomenally stupid person. But Mr. Freeman is not phenomenally stupid. He has only made a lugubrious mistake. However, "Orpheus and Eurydice" does not depend upon humor for success. It runs, so to speak, on the legs of several pretty girls. The exhibition of legs in this piece is almost startling.

It is a long way from "Orpheus" to "The Road to Ruin," Thomas Holcroft's play, which was revived last week at Wallack's. Poor Holcroft! He worked hard for immortality. It came to him in some degree with "The Road to Ruin," after he had composed a score and ten pieces which are completely forgotten. That dear old gentleman and fine actor, John Gilbert, re-appeared in Holcroft's comedy. What a type of the past school this actor is—the best school, I mean. For a rare *gentilhomme* of the eighteenth century, give me Gilbert in "The School for Scandal," and his Dornton is quite as true and striking as his Sir Peter Teazle. On the whole, "The Road to Ruin" is neatly acted by the present Wallack company, though Mr. Osmond Tearle is awkward enough and out of the spirit of the piece. Miss Adela Measor's Sophia is delightful in its breezy ingenuousness.

That eminent representative of law and order, Judge Barrett, has written a play called "An American Wife," which is about to be produced at Wallack's.

There are several new plays on the stage this week. A brief mention of Mr. Pinero's cheerful comedy, "Girls and Boys," should be made. It will be worth while saying something about "Girls and Boys" next week. This comedy is brightly acted by Mr. Lewis, Mr. Stephens, Miss Rehan, and by the other actors in Mr. Daly's popular company.

G. E. M.

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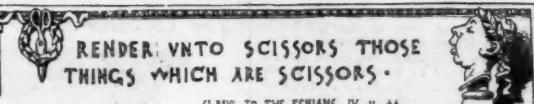
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And take my boots to be half-soled,
And patched, too, all around,
I really fear that I'll take cold,
I've so much on the ground.

—*Evansville Argus.*

"Who was the straightest man in the Bible?" "Joseph." "Why?" "Because Pharaoh made a ruler of him." —*Ex.*

THE electric lights behaved so badly in Newport the other night, that they had to be put out.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The latest dude story is that a farmer saw a couple of those agonizing specimens on the street and exclaimed: "Gosh! what things we see when we do n't have a gun." —*Troy Times.*

ADMIRAL Courbet telegraphs: "I am continuing my preparations for an advance." This reminds us of Artemus Ward's heroine, of whom he wrote, "All of a sudden the fair girl continued to gaze out upon the briny deep." —*Globe.*

IT is said that one cent's worth of ergotine will kill a cat instantaneously, and that a millionaire by investing his entire fortune in the drug might become the owner of about fifty pounds of it; but we do n't suppose there is a millionaire living who wants to poison 100,000,000 cats.—*Norristown Herald.*

A POET, in a four stanza production, says, "I miss you, my darling, my darling," "I want you, my darling, my darling," "I call you, my darling, darling," "I need you, my darling, my darling," and that "the blank of the dumb air is bitter" without her. He evidently *does* miss her—quite considerably; but whether he wants her to sew on a suspender button or pull off his boots, he fails to state.—*Scientific American.*



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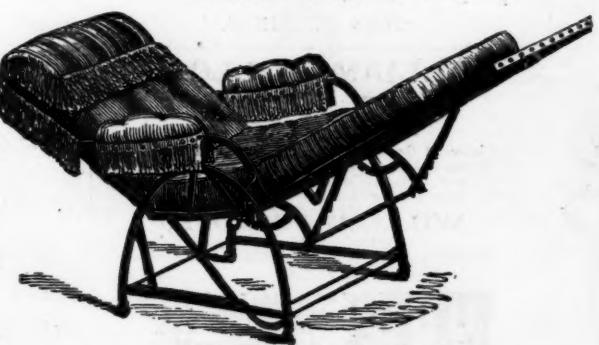
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